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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE...

TOTAL WAR

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BANEBLADE! BANEBLADE! Have you finished with the latest issue of Warhammer Monthly you simpering fool!

BE PATIENT SPAWN OF KHORNE. *I still haven't finished reading the latest installment of Daemanifuge. By the Emperor, that Ephrael Stern is a fine servant of the Imperium. Eradicating the foul taint of Chaos wherever she goes. She surely is a mighty warrior. Sigh. And what a finely tuned Battle Sister she is. Such strength coupled with such grace. If only I wasn't stuck here with you Gutspew. Many an adventure we could have together, fighting the forces of Chaos side by side.*

BANEBLADE?

WHAT, YOU APPALLING SPECIMEN?

ARE YOU, YOU KNOW... SMITTEN WITH HER?

WHAT!?! WHAT!?! HOW DARE YOU! *My interest in Sister Stern is purely professional. I was merely remarking what a credit she is to the Emperor and the Sisters of Battle. Only an abomination of nature such as yourself could think anything different.*

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A 'YES' THEN.

RIGHT. *You've asked for it now you disgusting wretch.*

CLICK!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAK
KA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!CLICK!DAKKA!DAKKA!

NEXT ISSUE: CHAOS SHOWS ITS HAND!

Inside this comic...

NEW SERIES!

KAL JERICO
Kal's back! And yet again the odds are stacked against him as an old debt returns to haunt him – in the Nemo Agenda!

BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC
Out on the edges of Imperium space, Dictator class cruiser The Macharius runs the gauntlet of an uncharted graveyard.

TITAN
In this final dramatic episode the crew of Imperius Dictatio face their toughest challenge yet – a fellow Titan!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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KAL JERICO IN "THE NEMO AGENDA"

A GUILDER TRADE CARAVAN MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS THE WASTELANDS THAT COVER THE SURFACE OF NECROMUNDA. AHEAD OF IT, THE IMPOSING SHADOW OF HIVE PRIMUS, OLDEST AND GREATEST OF THE MIGHTY NECROMUNDAN HIVE CITIES
AROUND THEM, THE ASH DESERT, HOME TO TRIBES OF NOMADS, SCAVVIES, DAEMONBROOD AND OTHER MUTANTS AND OUTCASTS TOO HORRIFIC EVEN FOR THE UNDERHIVE!
YES, A DANGEROUS PLACE, THE ASH DESERT.
VVVMMM
AND IT'S JUST ABOUT TO BECOME EVEN MORE SO!
VROOMM!
SKASH

EPISODE ONE

Script GORDON RENNIE • Art WAYNE REYNOLDS • Letters FIONA STEPHENSON

OUTLAW BIKER GANG--! PROTECT THE CARAVAN!
YOU! WHY AREN'T YOU AT YOUR POST.!?
BECAUSE I DON'T REALLY WORK FOR YOU GUILD SCUM. BUT YOUR CARAVAN'S CARRYING SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO MY MASTER, AND IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE SURE HE GETS IT!
BLAM
THE KILLER ESCAPES WITH HIS MASTER'S PROPERTY, UNWILLING TO ALLOW IT TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE BANDITS HE IS TOUGH AND RUTHLESS, ONE OF THE UNDERHIVE'S MOST FEARED ASSASSINS-
FOR A FEW SECONDS IT ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT EVEN MAKE IT

BLAM
BLAM
SSSSKUGGH!
JUST ANOTHER ASH DESERT BANDIT ATTACK *KAL JERICO* DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT IT'S THE START OF A CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT WILL SOON REUNITE HIM WITH *SEVERAL UNWELCOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.*
NOT, OF COURSE, THAT THIS IS OF ANY IMMEDIATE CONCERN TO KAL.
I'LL PAY YOU THE MONEY!' FOR SCAV'S SAKE, I'LL PAY YOU THE MONEY.'

YOU'LL PAY ME THE MONEY? ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID *LAST TIME* JERICO?
AND THE TIME BEFORE THAT
AND THE TIME BEFORE THAT THANK YOU, OTTO
NO MORE EXCUSES, JERICO EITHER YOU COME UP WITH MY MONEY *NOW* OR OTTO'S *PRIZE PITFIGHT RATS* HERE GET AN EXTRA FEED TODAY
NOT NECESSARY WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE
EH? WHO THE SCAV-
WE WILL RELIEVE YOU OF THE BURDEN OF JERICO'S GAMBLING DEBTS YOU KNOW WHO I AM, YOU KNOW WHO I WORK FOR, IF YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS, MY MASTER WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THEM
BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!
MOST WISE

CHEKA.
I COULD SAY I'M ALMOST DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU FOR ONCE BUT... WELL... I'M NOT
JERICO. ALWAYS MAKING JOKES. ONE DAY WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU. NO MORE JOKES THEN YES?
YOU'RE NOT A KILLER, CHEKA. YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A GLORIFIED ERRAND BOY. SO WHY DON'T YOU GET TO THE POINT AND GIVE ME THE MESSAGE YOU WERE SENT HERE TO DELIVER?
VERY WELL, JERICO AS YOU WISH.
A MAN WITH NO FACE WISHES TO SEE YOU. YOU OWE HIM A FAVOUR, REMEMBER - NOW IT'S TIME TO REPAY HIS GENEROSITY
LEAVE US.

YOU OWE US A DEBT, JERICO. WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE WE NOW REQUIRE SOMETHING FROM YOU IN RETURN.
THE NAME OF A GOOD UPHIVE TAILOR, PERHAPS?
THOKK
TWO DAYS AGO, A GUILDER CARAVAN WAS PILLAGED BY BANDITS OUT IN THE ASH DESERT. UNKNOWN TO ANYONE BUT OURSELVES IT WAS SECRETLY CARRYING CERTAIN PROPERTY OF OURS.
WE WISH YOU TO FIND THESE BANDITS. WE WISH YOU TO RETRIEVE OUR PROPERTY AND RETURN IT TO US.
WHY ME NEMO? WHY NOT USE ANY OF YOUR OWN PEOPLE?
IT WILL SURELY NOT SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT WE HAVE MANY ENEMIES..
TO DIRECTLY INVOLVE OURSELVES IN THIS MATTER WOULD ALERT OUR ENEMIES AS TO THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS PARTICULAR PIECE OF PROPERTY TO US.
SO WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?
A BOX. WHAT IT CONTAINS NEED NOT CONCERN YOU. THIS WILL HELP YOU IDENTIFY IT.
YOU HAVE TWO DAYS. CHEKA WILL ARRANGE A SAFE RENDEZVOUS POINT FOR THE HANDOVER OF THE RETRIEVED ITEM. DO NOT FAIL US, JERICO.
AS IF I ACTUALLY HAVE A CHOICE?

AND WHEN HE RETURNS? IT WILL BE AS YOU PROMISED?
IT WILL BE AS WE PROMISED WHEN HE MAKES THE HANDOVER. THEN YOU MAY KILL HIM.
...EMPEROR PURIFY ME, YOUR EMINENCE. I HAVE LIVED AMONGST THE HERETICS AND THE UNBELIEVERS AS YOU COMMANDED, AND AT LAST YOUR EMINENCE'S WISDOM HAS BEEN REWARDED!
BLESS YOU, MY SON. I SET YOU TO WATCH OVER THE HERETIC CRIMELORD NEMO, BUT WITH THIS INFORMATION YOU BRING ME NOW YOU SHALL BE PURIFIED A THOUSAND-FOLD!
WE WILL TAKE THE OBJECT THE CRIMELORD SEEKS FOR OURSELVES, BUT, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WE SHALL FINALLY HAVE REVENGE ON THE GREATEST ARCH-HERETIC OF THEM ALL-
DEATH TO KAL JERICO--!
TO BE CONTINUED

BATTLEFLEET GOTHIC

SCRIPT: Gordon Rennie · ART: Colin MacNeil · LETTERS: Fiona Stephenson

M35 M41 THE GOTHIC WAR RAGES ON, WITH THE ENTIRE SECTOR ENGULFED IN CONFLICT ON THE FRINGES OF IMPERIUM SPACE, THE DICTATOR CLASS CRUISER MACHARIUS LEADS A LONG-RANGE PATROL GUARDING AGAINST THE INCURSIONS OF CHAOS-
ESCORT SHIP JUCHA TO MACHARIUS WE RE DETECTING A LARGE DEBRIS FIELD AHEAD COULD BE AN UNCHARTED SPACEHULK GRAVEYARD !

ON BOARD THE MACHARIUS CAPTAIN LEOTEN SEMPER AND FLEET COMMISSAR KYOSEN ASSESS THE SITUATION
A RARE PRIZE - STANDING ORDERS ARE THAT ALL SUCH SITES MUST BE SURVEYED FOR POSSIBLE SALVAGE
AND ALSO A PERFECT LURE FOR AN AMBUSH I LL DO AS STANDING ORDERS DICTATE BUT I LL NOT JEOPARDISE THE SAFETY OF MY SHIPS OR MISSION

SEMPER TO SQUADRON MACHARIUS PROCEED WITH CAUTION ALL GUNNERY CREWS TO THEIR STATIONS INCREASE SURVEYORS AND VOID SHIELD GENERATORS TO MAXIMUM!
SEMPER TO FIGHTER BAYS, I WANT *TWO FLIGHTS OF STARHAWKS* READY FOR LAUNCH WITHOUT DELAY.
IS THAT WISE CAPTAIN, LAUNCHING FIGHTERS INTO SUCH A DENSE DEBRIS FIELD ?
YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE FAITH IN OUR PILOTS COMMISSAR KYGER.
THEY' RE THE BEST IN THE GOTHIC SECTOR FLEET, AND THEIR STARHAWKS SIZE AND AGILITY MAKES THEM PERFECT FOR SCOUTING OUT THE GRAVEYARD !
ESCORT SHIP THOTH TO STARHAWK COMMANDER. DRIFTING WRECKAGE IS OVERLOADING OUR SCANNERS, BUT WE RE PICKING UP A *WEAK ENERGY SIGNAL* FROM ONE OF THE HULKS
COULD BE AN OLD PLASMA REACTOR STILL ONLINE AND SALVAGEABLE INVESTIGATE AND CONFIRM.

UNDERSTOOD, THOTH. FLIGHT HOTSPUR RESPONDING
GOT IT IN VISUAL. HULL SHAPE SHOWS IT'S AN IMPERIUM VESSEL. COULD BE ONE OF THE OLD SLAUGHTER CLASS CRUISERS. DOESN'T LOOK TOO BADLY DAMAGED
STAND BY. GETTING A RETURN ON IT FROM SURVEYORS--
EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP-EEP
MAJOR ENERGY SPIKE! THAT'S NO LIFELESS DERELICT. IT'S POWERING UP ITS ENGINES AND WEAPON BATTERIES!
EMPEROR'S OATH... PEEL! PEEL! PEEL!

AMBUSH ! CHAOS CRUISER COMING OUT OF HIDING ! EVASIVE AC--
SHROOOM!
THE THOTH.. IT'S GONE!
THEN WE STRIKE BACK NOW AND MOURN OUR DEAD LATER!
HELM CREW HARD TO PORT GUNNERY OFFICERS- PREPARE TO FIRE!
CAPTAIN SEMPER! AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE COMING IN FROM THE JUCHA ON OUR REARGUARD!
JUCHA
JUCHA TO MACHARIUS CHAOS RAIDER SHIPS ATTACKING! THEY WERE HIDING INSIDE THE SHELL OF ONE OF THE HULKS!
CAN'T OUTRUN THEM... SHIELDS GONE... LOSING HELM CONTROL... AAAASH--!
KROOM!

JUCHA DESTROYED ENEMY VESSELS CLOSING- IDENTIFIED AS IDOLATOR CLASS RAIDER CRAFT.
SO THE PRIZE CARRIES A HEAVY PRICE WE ARE WELL AMBUSHED WE HAVE NO ROOM TO COME ABOUT, AND WE'LL BE DRIVEN FORWARD INTO THE GUNS OF THE CRUISER.
WELL THEY'LL FIND THAT I'M NO RAW OFFICER CADET STRAIGHT OUT OF THE SCHOLA PROGENIUM.
ALL AHEAD FULL! STARHAWKS- FIND ME A SAFE ROUTE THROUGH THESE HULKS!
THIS IS MADNESS SEMPER! TO RUN A DEBRIS FIELD AT FULL SPEED! TO TAKE US DIRECTLY INTO OUR ENEMY'S GUNS!
WE RUN THE GAUNTLET. COMMISSAR KYOGEN. NOW LET US SEE IF OUR OPPONENT HAS THE COURAGE TO FOLLOW US.
ENEMY CRUISER IN RANGE IT'S POWERING UP ITS WEAPONS!
CAPTAIN TO PORTSIDE BATTERIES OPEN FIRE!
ALL DECKS, BRACE FOR BATTLE DAMAGE!
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK
KOOM!

CARNAGE ON THE MACHARIUS, AS ITS VOID SHIELDS OVERLOAD UNDER THE POUNDING OF THE CHAOS GUNS--
FA-DOOM!
WE'RE HIT...! DAMAGE REPORTS--
... CAN WAIT. ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I STILL HAVE A SHIP AROUND ME AND ENOUGH CREW LEFT TO MAN IT!
THE ENEMY?
STILL WITH US. THEY'RE IN PACK FORMATION AND CLOSING ON US.
SO BE IT. LET'S DRAW THEM IN ALL THE WAY. HELM CREW--TAKE US IN FULL AHEAD BETWEEN THOSE TWO HULKS!
SEMPER TO PROW GUNNERY DECK. LOAD AND ARM TWO PLASMA TORPEDOES FIVE SECOND DELAYED IMPACT FUSES ON BOTH.
PREPARE TO FIRE ON MY COMMAND

I SENSE YOUR APPREHENSION, KYOGEN. HAVE PATIENCE, AND DO NOT THINK TO EXECUTE ME FOR MADNESS JUST YET.
IN A FEW MOMENTS, I'LL EITHER BE A HERO OF THE IMPERIUM, OR WE'LL ALL BE PART OF A LARGE AND EXPANDING CLOUD OF SUPER-HEATED SPACEDUST.
LAUNCH TORPEDOES! ONE APIECE AT EACH OF THOSE HULKS!
COLLISION ALERT! STAND BY FOR IMPACT!
DUAL PENETRATING HITS! DOUBLE DETONATION IN FIVE SECONDS...
FOUR...
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...

DETONATION!
SHADDA-KOOM!
ENEMY VESSELS CONFIRMED DESTROYED
ALL CREW SECTIONS AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS
RECALL THE STARHAWKS AND SEND REPAIR CREWS TO ALL DAMAGED DECKS. REASSIGN CREW UNITS FROM UNDAMAGED DECKS TO COVER OUR CASUALTY LOSSES. RESUME PATROL AND BRING US BACK ON TO OUR ORIGINAL HEADING
AND SEND AN ASTROPATH MESSAGE TO GOTHIC COMMAND NOTIFYING THEM OF THE LOSS OF THE JUCHA AND THE THOTH AND OF THE LOCATION OF THE SPACEHULK GRAVEYARD
EMPEROR KNOWS, NO PRIZE IS FREE! BUT WHATEVER THEY FIND IN THERE WE HAVE MORE THAN PAID FOR IN BLOOD TODAY
THE END

TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
IF A WARLORD TITAN IS THE MOST TERRIBLE WAR-MACHINE IN CREATION...
WHAT THEN IS A WARLORD TITAN POSSESSED BY THE TYRANID?
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS
BATTLE-BROTHER
FELLOW GOD-MACHINE
MY ENEMY
PART TEN

I BLOCK OUT MY MEMORIES.
I BLOCK OUT THE FACT THAT INDERON, PRINCEPS OF THE ANNIHILATUS, WAS MY FRIEND.
ENSINEER DORN! FULL GYRO TURN! TRAVERSE THE WEAPONS PLATFORM!
MAIN WEAPONS, AYE, PRINCEPS.
I FEEL THE MODERATI'S LOATHING FOR THE ORDER VIA THE MIND-LINK, BUT HE OBEYS.
THE CABIN LURCHES, AND RECOIL BAFFLES HISS AS WE FIRE.
I DO WHAT I MUST.
MODERATI! FIRE MAIN WEAPONS!

SQUARE HIT! THEY'VE SUFFERED MASSIVE DAMAGE TO THE PORT WEAPON LIMB!
BUT THEY'RE NOT *DEAD!* RE-AIM AND FIRE *AGAIN* BEFORE

ARGHHHH!
PRINCEPS! WE'RE HIT!
VOSS TELLS ME NOTHING I DON'T ALREADY FEEL.
WHITE PAIN AND FIRE TEARS THROUGH THE STARBOARD SHOULDER MOUNT, VAPORISING THREE SERVITORS, FUSING NEURAL LINKS, DETONATING MAGAZINES.
THE PRINCEPS IS HURT! NALLEN! HELP HIM!
NALLEN!

HOLY THRONE OF EARTH! NALLEN!
HE'S DEAD, PRINCEPS!
SHRAPNEL BLASTED SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE CABIN
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, VOSS!
GET BACK TO YOUR STATION FOR THE EMPEROR'S SAKE AND RETURN FIRE!
ANNIHILATUS HAS US COLD
THEN VICIOUS FIRE LANCES IN FROM THE WING

ONE OF THE ELDAR PHANTOMS, COUNTER-STRIKING
IT IS FAST, BUT ANNIHILATUS SEEMS TO SOAK UP PUNISHMENT...
...AND METE IT OUT IN KIND.
BUT IT HAS BOUGHT US LONG ENOUGH TO CHARGE THE VOLCANO CANNON.

GOODBYE, INDERON. REST IN THE ARMS OF THE EMPEROR.
WHAKKOOOOWWW!
WE DID IT. THE TIDE TURNS. THEY ARE IN ROUT
MACABEE? WHAT DO YOU WANT, OLD GHOST?
DON'T REST ON YOUR LAURELS HEKATE! THE BATTLES ONLY JUST STARTING!
OUR MINDS, HEKATE! JUST LIKE THE ELDAR TOLD YOU!
ALREADY I HEAR THEM AGAIN CHATTERING AND SCURRYING AT THE EDGE OF THE IMPULSE-FIELD!
THEY TRIED BEFORE, BUT NOW WE ARE TIRED AND WOUNDED, VULNERABLE...

I FEEL IT AS HE SAYS IT. I HEAR FARENDIS'S PSYCHIC SCREAM.
AS WE FOUGHT, THE FOE HAVE AMPLIFIED THE POWER OF THEIR FOUL VERSION OF THE MIND-IMPULSE
WE CAN NO LONGER SHUT THEM OUT.
THEN, IN THE MINDSCAPE, I SEE MACABEE.
HE THROWS ME A SALUTE AND TURNS AWAY.
THEY ARE IN OUR SOULS, AND WE HAVE BECOME A PSYCHIC BRIDGE...
...CARRYING THEIR ABOMINABLE URGES INTO THE RACE-SENTIENCES OF HUMAN AND ELDAR ALIKE.
TURNS, AND STRIDES TOWARDS THE BOILING FILTH OF THE HIVE MIND.
THERE IS SOMETHING LUMBERING AND FAMILIAR ABOUT HIS STRIDE
VENOMOUS SWARMS BREAK THE DESERT CRUST AND RUSH TO MEET HIM.

BUT HIS LIMBS ARE WEAPONS, AND HE WALKS LIKE A GOD.
HE SCORCHES THEM FROM EXISTENCE
FOR HE, LIKE ME, IS IMPERIUS DICTATIO TO THE VERY CORE
ON HE STRIDES. THE CHATTERING HIVE MIND RISES BEFORE HIM.
THE SWARMS BEGIN TO OVERWHELM HIM
THEIR WEIGHT TAKES HIM DOWN I FEAR HE HAS FAILED, UNTIL I REALISE THIS WAS HIS INTENTION.
TO LET THEM FUSE INTO HIS MIND
TO SHARE HIS MIND'S IMPULSE WITH THEM.
AND THEN, THROUGH FORCE OF WILL, TO DIE...
...AND TAKE THEM WITH HIM.

DAWN COMES THE IMPERIAL FLEET REPORTS THAT SURVIVING REMNANTS OF THE TYRANID FORCE HAVE FLED VIVAPORIUS INTO DEEP SPACE.
FARENDIS WAITS FOR ME ON THE FIELD
A GREAT DEAL HAS BEEN WON THIS DAY, IF BITTERLY
INDEED THE FOE WERE SO EAGER TO REACH INTO OUR MINDS, THEY WERE UNPREPARED FOR THE TASTE OF DEATH.
PSYCHIC FEEDBACK. A WEAPON I'M NOT USED TO USING
YOU WERE TRUE TO YOUR WORLD. GLORY OR DEATH.
IN THIS CASE, BOTH.
SOMETIMES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY.
TRUE ENOUGH, HUMAN.
TILL WE MEET AGAIN, MAY YOU FIND ONLY THE FORMER
END OF BOOK TWO